The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

THE WHOLE STORY.

Oh! yes—I'll tell you the story,
The very words that were said.
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread,
And Richard came into the pantry,
His face was exceedingly red.

And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me a glimpse of a ring;
And then—oh! yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing,
And Fanny came in with her baby,
The cunningest bunch of a thing.

The biscuits were out in a minute—
Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fanny was there with her baby,
And we all sat down to tea;
And grandma looked over her glasses
So queer at Richard and me.

But it wasn't till after the milking
That he said what he had to say.
How was it? Oh! Fanny had taken
The baby, and gone away—
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new tooth that day.

We were standing under the plum-tree,
And Richard said something low,
But I was tired and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle so horribly slow.

And then—let me see—where was I?
Oh! the stars grew thick overhead,
And we two stood under the plum-tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed.
Well, he loves me, and we're to be married,
And that is—*about* what he said!

H. L. BOSTWICK.

THREE KISSES.

I have three kisses in my life
So sweet and sacred unto me,
That now till death-dews rest on them,
My lips shall kissless be.

One kiss was given in childhood's hour,
By one who never gave another;
In life and death I still shall feel
That last kiss of my mother.

The second burned my lips for years;
For years my wild heart reeled in bliss
At every memory of the hour
When first my lips felt young Love's kiss.

The last kiss of the sacred three
Had all the woe which e'er can move
The heart of woman—it was pressed
Upon the death-lids of my love.

When lips have felt the dying kiss,
And felt the kiss of burning love,
And kissed the dead—then nevermore
In kissing should they think to move.

MRS. BROWNING.

—Miss Lizzie Van Lew, Postmistress of Richmoud, Va., has decided that the frank of a Congressman will not carry a letter mailed at that office, when she has reason to believe that the Congressman is not in the city.

Our Special Contributors.

THE DEAD CUPID.

BY SELDON BRASE.

There were once two friends who lived together very amicably. They took extreme delight in each others society, and found something new to mutually admire and love each day.

So, one morning quite unexpectedly, as they sat in their lovely parlor, there came, flying through the honeysuckle vines about the window, the prettiest little cupid it is possible to conceive of. His tiny, pink palms were like rose leaves, his locks were like spun gold; a dainty pair of wings was fastened to his shoulders, and every motion was full of captivating archness. But in spite of the merriment that played hide and seek in his dimples there was a mysterious depth of wisdom in his liquid eyes, an unfathomable, far-reaching look, that made those two friends shiver and weep with a delight too solemn for words.

So they took the cupid in their arms and called him all the oldest, sweetest names the human heart has been busy inventing these thousands of years. They thanked God for him in a solemn rapture, that opened to their vision the bliss of angels. They caressed him passionately, until the novelty of his presence had a little passed away, and then they began to address to each other questions like these:

"Where," said Myrtle, looking at Clovis, with eyes swimming in happiness, "shall we make our darling's nest? Would it not be wise, dear Clovis, to keep him here in this leaf-shaded parlor where he will breathe the perfume of flowers, and live in an atmosphere of taste and luxury amid the fairest creations of art? I greatly fear the effect of the kitchen upon his delicate organization; the smell of cooking would offend him, I know. How could I endure that he should see me with my hands in dish-water, or paring potatoes for dinner? I deem it safest and best that he be not allowed to suspect what gross, material creatures we are. We can come to him in our hours of repose, and let him weave around us his airy, delicate spells—the precious pearls in our ugly, oyster-like existence—so largely devoted to wearing cares and petty trials."

"Nay," replied Clovis, differing from his friend very gently, "you mistake Cupid's mission altogether. He has come to gild these little, petty trials and cares you speak of, and give them an interest and charm they formerly wanted. Take him to the kitchen with you, by all means, dear Myrtle; let him lie in your tow apron, and sun himself on the coarse boards, and peep out from under the rim of the kneading tray, when you knead our daily bread, until the old walls glow and gleam with a homely grace, and the bubbling tea-kettle sings a love song in your charmed ear. You know, dearest friend," continued he playfully, "this is the age of missions, and Cupid's mission is to change the common ditch-water of life into ruby wine."

Myrtle assented to these truths, scarcely comprehending them, but still happy to be guided by her friend. So she allowed Cupid to go with her everywhere, as her blithe step made music, running like delicious vibrations from room to room.

I do not doubt she was one of the happiest women the sun shone upon, until after some time she began to bother her little head, like others of her sex I have known, by the thought that perhaps she was too happy and unsupecting—that possibly there was some danger lurking about her careless eyes had overlooked.

So one day, as Cupid lay asleep on her bosom, her eyes fell on his wings. She noticed what a good, serviceable pair of pinions they were, and fairly began to cry at the fear her treasure would sometime fly away and leave her desolate.

When Clovis came home at night, although he praised her feathery biscuits and the ripe, red strawberries she had gathered for tea, Myrtle did not smile and blush with pleasure as usual. Her eyes were quite swollen with weeping, and after he had coaxed and caressed her a long time, she told Clovis very timidly and prettily you may be sure, her fears about Cupid's wings.

Clovis, for his part, took fright, too, at the bare possibility of losing the greatest joy of their lives; so he decided at once, that to prevent such a catastrophe, Cupid must be bound.

"We will be very careful not to let the darling feel his fetter," said Myrtle, tenderly. "The chain shall be gossamer, so long, light, and flexible, he will scarcely perceive it."

Accordingly Cupid was very lightly bound, so that he could not escape; but after this, strange to say, Myrtle's solicitude, real or imaginary, seemed to grow rather than diminish, and the face of Clovis often looked overshadowed. They could not persuade themselves, even now, that Cupid was secure, until little by little they shortened the tether that bound him, and he became sadly cramped in all his motions. Accordingly, the beautiful little creature moped, pined, and lost his gay spirits.

At last Myrtle and her friend were stricken with an overwhelming sorrow. Cupid fell ill and died. Bondage had killed him; for liberty was like the breath of his nostrils. Then Clovis, in his great grief, accused Myrtle passionately of destroying their treasure; and Myrtle, stung by reproaches, charged Clovis with equal heat, and a great breach widened and deepened between them, wherein lay the beautiful, dead Cupid.

The dear, old days when they had been so innocent and happy seemed forever gone. They never visited the little, vine-clad parlor now; and their old burden of household drudgery came back with tenfold weight.

One day when Myrtle's heart was very sore and smarting, because Clovis had taken his hat and rushed savagely from the house, a loving, pitiful whisper seemed to come to her ears, which drove away her anger, and softened the drouthy parts of her soul.

Softly, repentently, she took the lovely, pale dead Cupid in her arms, and unbinding the odious fetters that cramped his limbs threw them far from her. Then she laid the precious burden on her bosom and warmed it, and wept over it unselfish, sorrowful tears. The clumsy fingers of her poor soul were fumbling at the knots of prayer, and there was a great lamentation upon her lips.

"No bonds," she cried, "that ignorance and selfishness forge, can hold a heavenly visitant. I trusted to the fetter and forgot to nourish my Cupid with the sweets of devotion. Alas, with sin and suffering, I have purchased wisdom!"

Let us hope Cupid came to life again and blessed Myrtle and Clovis with a purer happiness than any they had ever before known.

PEN PICTURES OF LADY JOURNALISTS.

BY LAURA C. HOLLOWAY.

If Mrs. Gildersleeve Longstreet had never written anything but her exquisite "Vespers for the Old Year," and "Under the Snow," she would have received a meed of fame sufficient to have gratified even the most idolatrous worshiper of literary notoriety. The former is one of the gems of literature; resembling in its sadness and pathos Colridge's flowing style, yet recalling, in its perfect rythm and harmony, Scott's terse lays. And while my mind dwells upon the Border minstrel I recall the fact that she, too, is of the Highland clan, and a child of heath and thistle. Her family name, "Buchanan," is not more honored in America, where the graftings of the old stock have made it distinguished than it is in Scotland, and the grandest heritage those early covenanters bestowed upon their offspring was their pure and spotless name.

In this daughter of the house, no less than in her favorite kinswoman, Harriet Lane, has the true nobility and family pride of the ancient stock been sustained. Orphaned in early childhood, and left in stranger hands to be educated, she yet was enabled through her warm, sympathetic nature to find much of brightness and pleasure in life, and has been the object of unusual and unceasing regard always.

Reared in the North, gathering her fund of information from the best sources of knowledge in our country, and gifted with all those natural faculties, without which, the greatest opportunities avail but little, she stands now in the meridian of her earth life an acknowledged success in literature, and possessed of all those social charms which make her home the centre of attraction to her numerous circle of friends.

Mrs. Longstreet has been for several years the New York correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier*, and also of the Chicago *Times*, writing her pleasing letters under the *nom de plume* of "Cameo." She is the author of several works of fiction; is a contributor to the columns of the New York *World*, and the editor of a fashion magazine. With all her manifold duties as a writer, she yet finds time to make her home one of the very pleasantest resorts in the city for those of her own profession, who are connected to her by the ties of friendship.

Married in early life to her girlhood's lover, Mr. Gildersleeve, she knew no trying sorrow until death removed him from her presence Her cares and trials since have been mitigated by the devotion and attention of her only son, whose education and training for future usefulness thus devolved upon her. In the following years of her widowhood, as now in the serene happiness of her second married life, she has found her reward in the blessing he is to her.

While the following extract betrays a despondency and sadness, in no wise a part of her present existence, it is yet selected from the poem first mentioned, that others may enjoy what only a few do now, as her poems have not, as yet, been published in book form;

"You gave absynthe for my wine,
And thorns to bind my brow;
You were to me Nemesis then,
But I'm Erriny's now.

You doled such meagre stint of fame,
As only woman hath;
I loathe the paltry triumphs now,
Which purpled in my path.

Those glad hopes died, and gave no sign,
But in grim urns were cast,
To stand, blank numerals of reproach,
Forever in your past.

You found a soul with loving trust;
You taught it how to hate!
There is no absolution left;
Nay, coward! 'tis too late.

The darkest doom is mine, Old Year;
You cannot mete me more;
While you are floating down to rest,
I shiver on the shore.

In storms, unshrived, O, perjured Year,
Drift on to Hades' realm;
Sweet Peace conveyed you in, but now
Errings holds the helm."

THROUGH MY SPECTACLES.

BY AUNT NANCY.

I have observed some things, if not others, in my time, and I must declare it as my conviction that there is an inherent love of snubbing what is called the weaker sex, in the male nature. Men may love women—may depend upon them—every hour they live, and yet they will snub them. It comes just like breathing, and some way does itself.

If there is a great, glorious, grand man who is really too superior to manifest his conscious superiority over the best woman he knows, and never by the faintest intimation at any time makes her feel that she is very ignorant, and worthless, and foolish, while he is very wise and mighty, I should just like to know him, that I might go down on my knees before him and thank him in the name of my sex.

Men who are compliant and modest enough with other men, take on that pompous and consequential air at their own firesides, that seems to assume there isn't a thimbleful of intellect in the female brains of the family.

I have smarted too long myself under this kind of treatment from men, not to detect pretty easily the propensity for snubbing. James has a good deal of respect for his wife, but I can see it cropping out in him every now and then; and it makes Mary wince, as I always feel.

It appears to be just as natural for the unregenerate boy to snub his small sister as for an infant crab to travel sideways. Master Fred puts his hands in his trouser's pockets, and says to Minnie, "What do you know about it? You're only a girl."

I don't believe in corporal punishment. I have, in fact, a strong detestation of it; but if ever my instincts do get the better of my principles, it is when I want to take Master Fred across my knee and spank that contempt for girls out of him.

Mothers, don't use the rod if you can help it; it is an ugly old relic of barbarism. But, if your boys will tyrannize over your girls, and persist in putting them down, why, then, a little oil of birch isn't bad. Exorcise that domineering spirit when it is young; strangle it in the cradle. Do make your boys feel at a very early age that girls have rights they are bound to respect. If you don't, your boys will soon get ahead of you, and think, as a homely old adage has it, that they can "teach their granny." Seriously speaking, tyranny is a mean, low, ugly, detestable thing, and the man who is incapable of reverencing true womanhood has got mighty poor timber in him.

But I did not intend to preach a sermon, like our beloved Lincoln I was only going to tell a little story. My brother James's eldest girl, Grace, is growing up fast. She is now seventeen years old; and although Mary tries hard to keep her "little girlish" by buttoning her dresses behind, and tucking them up to the tops of her boots, and letting her mass of wavy, light hair float over her shoulders, the fact cannot be concealed that Grace is a pretty girl, with great, wide-open blue eyes and pearly teeth, and a small, rosy mouth and dimples that fill up and run over with sunshine every time she smiles.

It is remarkable how fond the young men have become of Bob all of a sudden. Bob is a year older than Grace, in the worst stage of puppyhood, which this sudden, gushing fondness of the young men greatly augments. I have now a pretty good chance to study a class of beings known generically as "young snips." They are most of them tight in the trousers, and they carry canes and caress invisible moustaches, and consider themselves deliciously slangy. They are all vealy. Now, there is a kind of vealiness that the heart of woman—an old woman like me—yearns over some way, as a mother yearns over her baby. I remember Jane Strong, a crazy woman up in the neighborhood where I lived when a girl, would shake her head at young folks, and say, "Poor things, they don't know what they're coming to!" It seems as though some of them had tumbled out of the nest too soon, and wanted to be picked up and put back again by a tender hand."

But, law me! there are young men that come to James's, and talk to Bob and look at Grace, who seem to have been born in patent leather boots and stand-up collars. There never was any down on them, or else it was rubbed off before they cut their milk teeth. They learn the old twaddle of how to please a woman after the conventional mode, before they can talk plain, and this, to my mind, is the worst mode of snubbing.

A young limb of the law is a somewhat frequent visitor at James's. He has a way of eyeing a woman as if she were a bale of merchandize, more or less costly, put before his lordship for his lordship's valuation, a stare

which, to be alliterative, is cool, calculating and conceited enough for eighty summers.

One evening this young scented feather-pate walked in, and, to his anguish, found Bob out. He was therefore obliged to approach the sofa where Grace sat with a book in her hand, and receive her salutation, which was somewhat cool and indifferent after the manner of the girl of the period. The conversation for some time was made up of airy nothings, with a plentiful amount of cackle, which seems as necessary to the conversation of modern young folks as it is to the absurd and ridiculous old bird that invented it. At last, however, out of the cachinnations there came a clear sentence.

"Now, Miss Grace," said Mr. Brief, pointedly, "if you should ever become strong-minded—you know they're horrid, those women—perfect frights; but then if you went in for it, I'd stake my oath it would be delightful—well, now, what profession do you think you'd choose?"

"Maybe I should become a doctor," said Grace, with a sparkle in her bonny eyes.

"Oh, don't say that, Miss Grace; say a lawyer. I've swallowed Coke and Blackstone; pon my honor, I have, and—and you know you could study me."

"The law is generally bound in calf," thought I to myself.

That night, when I went up stairs, Grace was shaking out her lovely "mane," as she calls her hair, which shed around her a kind of golden sheen.

"Mr. Brief is a nice young man, ain't he?" I inquired with a portentiously deep design.

"Do you think so, auntie?" opening her great blue eyes wider still. "I don't like him. He's always trying to say silly, smart things, as if a girl hadn't mind enough to be talked to sensibly. The young men are most all stupid, auntie, or else they're conceited and patronizing. I don't mean ever to get married." This was said with a little "*lambish*" blush, if I may coin a word. "It's nicer to live as you do, auntie."

"Well, then, child, what are you going to be?"

"Be, auntie?"

"Yes; if girls don't get married they must be something now-a-days. The world expects it of them."

"I don't know; I never thought about it before; but you have put a 'bee in my bonnet,' at any rate."

CANVASSING FOR "EMINENT WOMEN."

BY LEWISE.

On another pleasant road leading out of the village once more I find a maiden lady keeping house for her brother, and she also has sufficient freedom and independence of action, and money in her purse, to subscribe for a book without any man's permission.

Further on, in a cottage upon a hill, the uncultured daughter of English parents is permitted to take a copy, owing to the favor it finds in their eyes, because of its containing the amiable face, queenly robes and royal diadem of "Queen Victoria."

Here I am also directed to a neighbor living beyond upon the same road, having a daughter older than theirs, who will be likely to admire my book.

The quiet farmer, with his wife and daughter, are just seating themselves for dinner when I enter, and I am hospitably entreated to sit down with them. Nice, sugar-cured ham, freshly laid eggs, white and mealy mashed potatoes, seasoned with rich, sweet cream, light and snowy bread, the goldenest of June butter, and a cup of tea such as few but English women make, with a dessert of strawberry short-cake, complete a noonday dinner fit for the sovereigns that we are (or ought to be and mean to be).

I heartily enjoy my rest, protracted till two o'clock, the social housewife in the meantime entertaining me with the history of her two sons' service in the late war, and of her own doubts and unwillingness to spare them to fight the battles of their new adopted country, but still acquiescing, like the good Christian woman that I learn she is.

The plain, thoughtful, dutiful daughter, too, added one more to the number of those so frequently despitefully termed "old maids," and for whom I always feel like taking up the cudgels. Leaving home at an early age, and still cared for as much as possible, "in sickness and in health," by such sisters, I learned to value family ties and parental affection, and to realize that "there is never any great gain without some small loss."

The reason for many of these good women remaining single is no doubt the same as that given by an ancient maiden sewing in a gentleman's family, who, when asked by him "how so good-looking a woman came to be an old maid," replied promptly, "because of refusing good offers, sir."

Undoubtedly at the time she did not consider them good, for her at least; but found, as she advanced in life, that they were "good offers" as the world goes.

Starting out one bracing October morning to deliver those books, with one on my arm and two in my satchel, scarcely thinking that I will be able to walk the entire distance, I had brought forcibly to my mind the truthful adage, that "Providence helps those who help themselves."

A farmer passing with his grist from the mill mentioned heretofore, seeing me, a wayfarer, encumbered with burthens, kindly invites me to mount to the spring seat in his double wagon, and I ride on comfortably to the farthest house, where I am helped to dismount, and delight the old lady and her daughter by asking for a roll of her butter as part payment for the book. May they receive as much mental refreshment from its pages and portraits as I did, upon reaching home, of enjoyment of their excellent September butter.

The village doctor's bright-eyed little lady takes a copy, and I hope the information and ideas she gains from it will be administered to the "minds diseased" of some of her husband's patients.

A young lady just graduated from Rockford Seminary, and returned to her charming country home with all the honors of a diploma, probably expects to find further information from its pages, for she very promptly and cheerfully subscribes for it.

The village blacksmith too, who displays more than ordinary intelligence in his conversation, purchases the book for his wife, and altogether I feel that I am leaving among these hills more than the usual amount of "leaven" for the "three measures of meal."

DISTRIBUTION OF LABOR.

BY J. K. HAYWARD.

It seems to me that a bureau for the distribution of mechanical labor is needed in this city. I have been led to apprehend the necessity by such experiences as the following: I wanted a muff for my wife, and found the price to be forty dollars, while a skin almost large enough for two cost only *ten*. Common sense tells that there are a hundred women in the city who would consider it a Godsend to get two dollars and a half apiece for making. I could have afforded fifteen dollars but not forty. So I did without the muff, and some mechanic without the money who would have been glad of the job.

I wanted a pair of slippers for a friend Christmas, and left the tops at Adam Young's four weeks before, (price six dollars for making), and after having them promised every day for a fortnight, was obliged Christmas day to receive back the material *unmade*. Why? The mechanics had been screwed down to such a pittance that they were on a strike, so my work went undone, they unpaid; all for the want of a means of communication between *us*. I could multiply these examples by a thousand and show the extortion double, triple, and quadruple the *value* of the articles wanted simply because we are dependent upon a class of middle men who require neither brains, credit, nor capital, but who enhance the cost of living till *nice* things are out of the reach of those of moderate means. My shoemaker's rent is not twenty-five dollars per month; his stock of lasts would not bring $100. There never was a shoe made in his shop. Yet he deserves well of me for sending my order and money to a Sixth Avenue mechanic, and only charging *four dollars* for keeping me waiting usually a fortnight over time. Adam Young would charge ten for the same service.

So, of the woman who sews for my wife,—of her $2.50 per day $1.25 goes to Wheeler & Wilson, who distributes her labor.

The same is true of each of a dozen wood and iron mechanics which I have employed within the last six months. There is no personal responsibility; we are cheated at least three hundred per cent. on the average and then pay double price, while five sixths of our money goes to support a class of middle men, whose vulgarish extravagance taints society till sensible people are almost driven from its pale. Is there no remedy? I think there is a very easy and complete one.

A bureau of labor where all can be put in communication with every *class* and every grade of every class of *mechanics* would cure the evil.

A first rate overcoat costs from $80. to $100. The profit is upwards of fifty which goes to build up a civilization which will destroy our children, soul, mind, and body. The indirect bearing of this reform is of far more importance than the direct. In my opinion the unhealthy drift of our *better society* destroys more than we gain by cultivation. If this is so we are relapsing into barbarism. If cultivation to a certain point implies the extinction of the organism, then there can be no progress in enlightenment; and I am decidedly of the opinion that modern wealth, and habits and dress, will poison the blood of any family so that without assistance from outside it will ultimately die out.

If this thought finds favor, it is easy to arrange the details. Such a bureau would save *me* hundreds of dollars every year. The mechanics who perform all our labor (and a large portion of them are women) are pinched with want in their attics, and in a state of rebellion against their employers. The community is *unserved*, in order that fifty thousand middle men without brains or capital may debauch society and all its institutions from the ermine clear down to the vermin. A bureau to distribute labor would cure all this and very little money or experience are needed to perfect it.

Notes About Women.

—Woman's sphere—The universe.

—The story that Jenny Lind and her husband have separated is contradicted.

—Always a woman in every trouble. Miss Management has killed the French Empire.

—It is woman who guides humanity towards new regions.

—The woman suffrage *Bazaar* held recently in Boston netted between $6,500 and $7,000.

—There are four female physicians in South Bend, Ind.

—"Creole" is Miss H. M. C. Massena of the *Louisianian*.

—Mrs. Van Cott will spend the remainder of the winter in Chicago.

—Queen Victoria and daughters have four special dressmakers between them.

—Detroit women carry pockets full of cayenne pepper for the eyes of rude men.

—A young daughter of Madame Grisi promises to become the peer of her mother as a vocalist.

—Penciled eye-brows, painted cheeks, court-plastered lips and rude manners, appear to be quite fashionable.

—Mrs. Alice Cooley, a sculptoress of Natchez, Miss., is working on a half-size bust of General Lee.

—The present style of bonnet suits naval officers. "It has a reef in the mainsail, and the flying jib is well trimmed down."

—In Sweden and Norway ninety-seven out of every hundred children between the ages of five and fifteen attend school.

—Miss Ada Kepley, the Illinois lady lawyer, knows Blackstone all to pieces, and is something of a Coke-ette.

—Margaret, of Ravenna, born in 1505, blind at three months, was celebrated for her writings on theology and morals.

—Female pickpockets all wear the convenient Arab shawls. They fold their shawls like the Arabs, and silently steal away.

—Christina Nilsson authorizes the Chicago *Post* to deny the story that she once dined with Alexander Dumas.

—Miss Lillian Edgarton positively denies that she is engaged to any body except secretaries of lecture committees.

—A single woman is reported as holding the triple commission of chaplain, surgeon and captain in a French volunteer regiment.

—Mademoiselle Pustowojtow, who during the last Polish insurrection, was adjutant to Gen. Langwiewiez, died lately at Constantinople.

—The man unfaithful to his wife is interesting in the world; the woman unfaithful to her husband is condemned without pity.—*New World*.

—The *Pall Mall Gazette* says more lives are lost weekly by scarlatina in London than the French are losing by their weekly sorties from Paris.

—Mrs. J. C. Headly, elected sheriff in Montana, fulfils the duties of this office satisfactorily, besides taking care of a family of five children.

—It is said that two ladies have resided near each other in this city, and exchanged calls for the last six years without meeting face to face.

—A Woman's Rights Convention is to meet at Columbia, South Carolina, on the 8th of February. One Mary Warren is the moving spirit.

—Jenkins gravely informs us that the marriage of Ex-Minister Motley's daughter will be solemnized in May. Solemnized is a good word.

—Mme. Csillag, the new prima dona, who appeared at the Italian opera in New York recently, is the wife of Hermann, the prestidigitateur.

—At the recent convention Mrs. Isabella B. Hooker, of Connecticut discussed temperance, education, and chastity, and handled them all with power.

—Mrs. Clara H. Nash, of Columbia Falls, who has been studying law, has been appointed a justice of the peace. Her husband is a lawyer.

—Miss Anthony was somewhat confused by the good order and decorum of the Washington Convention, she said she could speak better to a mob.

—On January 12th, Mr. Edmonds (Rad., Vt.) presented and had read the remonstrance of Mrs. General Sherman, and one thousand other ladies against female suffrage.

—Of the fine jewels worn by ladies in New York, Mrs. L. Jerome is understood to possess the most beautiful and costly diamond necklace; Mrs. Belmont the most beautiful emeralds.

—Mrs. Crosby, a Texan matron, is a model dreamist. She dreamed the other night that if she should buy a lottery ticket she would win a prize. She accordingly purchased the last ticket that was for sale, and drew $400.

—An Ohio girl "can always tell Sunday or Sabbath from any other day in the week, from the number of men and boys, old and young, with guns and revolvers, making for the woods and people's farms."

—The Beecher family are thus divided on woman suffrage: Catharine and Thomas, oldest and youngest, are opposed to it, while the intermediate members, Edward, Henry, Harriet and Isabella are in its favor.

—In Portland, recently, a lady's poodle was seized to satisfy an unpaid bill.

If all the bipedal puppys should be seized on the same pretext, we fear Fifth Avenue would look lonely.

A would-be highwayman, near Providence, seized a gentleman's horse, when the owner gave him a sound thrashing, a courageous lady passing by volunteering to hold the horse during the ceremony.

—The Marquise of Chambrun, a granddaughter of Lafayette, and wife of one of the late attaches of the French Legation at Washington, is one of the prime movers in a fair for the relief of the French wounded, which is to be held at the capital next month.

—The London *Telegraph* says:

If Miss Garrett once enters the House of Commons, taking the oaths and her seat with a little rustle of her dress, the supremacy of man is at an end.

We hope the "little rustle" of that dress may be soon heard in the House of Commons.

—Mr. Riddle before the Judiciary Committee reiterated what Grant White asserts, "that the word citizen, unless it carries with it the obligations and responsibilities of all political and civil rights, is misused.

—Miss Anthony before the Judiciary Committee made an eloquent appeal to General Butler to call the women of the country contrabands, and take them under his protecting ægis, and give them the rights granted to the freedmen of the South.

—The woman's rights cause moves. A special despatch to the St. Louis *Democrat* from Topeka says that women have been elected engrossing and enrolling clerks in both Houses, and that a girl has been appointed a page in the House.

—The Philadelphia *Ledger* recently contained the following advertisement:

A lady that has lost her three (triplets) babies, would like to take one to wet-nurse at home, where the triplets can be seen until Friday. Apply at 1311 South Front street.

—A very acceptable present to an editor is a bottle of good ink, and for such a favor received at THE REVOLUTION office we take occasion to thank Mr. Carter, whose combined writing and copying ink sold at 36 Dey street, New York, we can heartily commend.

—A lady writer judges that the sexes are nearing the same social and political plane from the fact that more space is now occupied in describing fashions for men than was formerly devoted to reports of fashions for women.

—The women of New York certainly ought to be very careful about accepting and giving currency to the many foolish and improbable stories circulated against Mr. A. T. Stewart, in view of what he is now doing for the working girls of this city.

—Mlle Marguerite Bellanger has died of small pox at Cassel. She has left to her surviving child, (the one so often mentioned in the secret papers of the Tuileries,) a residence in the Avenue Friedland, a splendid country seat, and deeds of various descriptions.

—A marriage custom in the Greek Church is the following: A satin mat is spread before the altar, for the wedding couple to stand upon. There is a prevailing belief that the one who treads first upon the satin will hold the upper hand in the household.

—Mr. Ruskin addresses the following words to women on the subject of war:

Now, I just tell you this, that if the usual course of war, instead of uprooting peasant's houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week.

—A dish-washing machine has been invented at Xenia, Ohio. It doesn't insist on receiving company two or three evenings a week, never blows up the "missus," and is altogether more tractable than the unpatented variety of dish-washers, which it is intended to supersede.

—A fiend in human shape was engaged in planking a sidewalk in a certain Western city, when a woman in gorgeous apparel stopped near the scene of his labors to chat with a friend. Her train hung over the edge of the last plank he had put in position, and he quietly slid another one alongside of it, and securely spiked it down. The fiend then went away to dinner.

—Our friends at Washington claim there will be a majority report of the Judiciary Committee in their favor, if Judge Lawrence, of Ohio, returns in time. They claim on their side the following gentlemen:—The Chairman, Mr. Bingham, Gen. Butler, and Messrs. Loughridge, Mercur, and Lawrence.

—Mr. Garfield, (rep.) of Ohio, recently presented Congress a remonstrance of 307 women of Ohio against woman suffrage.

The size of the remonstrance does not frighten us a bit. If there are only three hundred and seven women in Ohio opposed to woman suffrage, the probability is that they may get converted before the close of the year.

—The *Christian Era* is very much exercised over Mrs. Cheney's heresies regarding Aspasia. If we are not mistaken Dr. Bushnell in some of the ablest passages of a very one-sided, and squint-eyed book paid compliments to the memory of Aspasia, quite as flattering as anything Mrs. Cheney has just said.

—T. K. Beecher while speaking of woman suffrage says: "It is better to receive gifts than to collect debts." We don't think so. The recipients of too many gifts are often demoralized, but we have never heard of anybody's being injured by receiving what rightfully belongs to him.

—Queen Victoria has now nine grandsons, and eight grand-daughters, altogether seventeen grandchildren, of whom the Crown Prince of Prussia gives five, (one died in 1866), the Princess Alice five, and the Princess Helena two. And the Queen has still five unmarried children.

—An aged, pious negress, who smoked incessantly, was told by a temperance man that she could not enter the kingdom of heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. "Why," replied Chloe, "when I die, I 'specks to leave my breff behind me."

—Gen. Butler's amendment to the Bankrupt law, providing that it should not be construed so as to divest the wife of a bankrupt of her rights of dower, providing it did not conflict with the State laws, was agreed to recently by the House Judiciary Committee, and will be reported when the Committee is called.

—At the Washington Convention Mrs. Hooker read a letter from Mrs. Esther Morris, the woman justice of Wyoming, in which she states that they were entirely indebted to men for woman's rights in that Territory, and to Wm. H. Bright, formerly of Washington, belongs the honor of introducing the bill. She further states that she has been able to perform the duties of her office without neglecting her family duties, and had tried forty-one cases, in all of which her judgment stands.

—Miss Anthony remarked at the recent meeting at the Capital, that she was in Richmond about two months since, and saw twenty black men sitting in the halls of the Legislature. Twenty black men! And she sent a petition for the use of the hall, and it was lost on a motion to suspend the rules by a vote of 28 to 19, and she learned that the colored men voted in a body for a suspension. A man sitting near her remarked if she had been a nigger she could have got it; and there was the key to it, they would not vote against color, but sex.

—Some of our New York belles can perform as much hard labor in the pursuit of pleasure as would, to use a homely phrase, "tucker out" a healthy washerwoman. Here is what one of them did recently:

On Thursday of last week she went to a large party in New Haven, and returned by the midnight train to New York in order to attend a morning wedding where she was to officiate as bridesmaid; and on that evening went to a party in Elizabeth, New Jersey, returning the same night. Early the next morning she started for Buffalo, where she was engaged to act as bridesmaid for a friend.

—What is Mrs. Stowe going to do with Mrs. Cheney? We commend to the notice of the former lady the following paragraph from a report of a recent meeting of the Boston Radical Club:

Mrs. Cheney did not think Aspasia could readily be reconstructed, according to the rules of modern morality; but she thought Aspasia a great and glorious woman in spite of her faults, just as is George Sand; a woman who did more to ennoble the Athenians of her time than scores of the discreet and stupid wives, who sat meekly at hearth-fires and always kept their veils down. Great natures have, in spite of their aberrations, a curious power of self-restoration.

—A cosmopolitan conference was organized on the first of January for the purpose of holding weekly public meetings of the friends of reform, to interchange sentiments with a view to co-operate against the growing evils that derange the social state. The chief object of this organization appears to be the protection of the working classes, than which nothing is more imperatively needed. The discussions of the conference will not be limited, however, but will embrace political, industrial, social and educational reform. The meetings will be held every Sunday at three P. M., in the New Hall, corner of Bleecker street and the Bowery. On Sunday, January 22d, the exercises will be opened by a member of the woman's suffrage movement.

—The Endowment Committee of Rutgers Female College called a meeting on Monday last, at which President Pierce read the opening address, and stated,

"That while more than $16,000,000 had been spent in this state for the education of men, less than $1,100,000 had been bestowed upon the education of women. This difference existed not only in this state but in this country; not only in this country but throughout the world; not only in this generation but in all generations. What must be the effect, then, of so long and so great a difference in bringing about an inequality of the sexes which God never meant there should be, and which is both the danger and the disgrace of modern society? Had institutions like Harvard, Yale, and Columbia College, been founded for the instruction of young women as they have for young men, our civilization would have been in advance of what it is to-day. The welfare of the community, the honor of New York, demand that there should be endowed in this city a university for women commensurate in all its appointments with the rank of this city as the future metropolis of the world. The majority of our young women leave school at a time when their most thorough training should commence. As a general thing, the girl of sixteen has completed a course of study prescribed at her school, and has passed out into the world at the most dangerous period in the life of either man or woman; ignorant of the world without as of the world within, with no definite employment or occupation, she is turned over to the tender mercies of society. In my mind, the chief remedy is in giving to her what men have—an education. Since 1838 Rutgers College has done all that any unendowed college could do. From the books of the institution it appears that over 8,800 young women have been educated here, and this without a dollar of endowment.

We are deeply grateful for such an able champion of female education as President Pierce has proved himself to be.

—Mary Hanihan died suddenly in San Francisco, on Monday. Her death is supposed to have been caused by a beating from her husband.

New York is not behind hand in furnishing this kind of sport for husbands. We copy the following from a recent issue of a local paper:

The police of the Twentieth Precinct last evening received word that a woman was lying dead at No. 526 West Thirty-Eighth street. Inquiry elicited that her name was Eliza Ring, that she was a young Irishwoman of about 24 years, and that she had died, probably, from the effects of a beating inflicted upon her by her brutal husband, Edward Ring.

—No better specimen of meanness has ever come under our notice than the efforts which are now being made to oust Miss Van Lew from the Richmond Post office. Whatever party her enemies may belong to they are thoroughly contemptible. Finding that the Department at Washington would not dislodge her, as she performed her duties to the entire satisfaction of the secretary, a Southern paper says:

Her foes have resorted to the more despicable remedy of inducing her sureties to ask to be relieved from her official bond, and it is said that they will make such a request at the next meeting of the United States court. The bond is $80,000, and they hope by drawing off the present sureties to cause Miss Van Lew to give up the the office. To what depths of meanness will not these extreme Radicals go for the sake of vengeance or profit.

—The Bowmanville ladies, according to the Cannington *Gleaner*, have proved themselves to be better than their husbands. The men of the town sometime ago held a meeting to consider the case of the sufferers by the Ottawa fire. They made sundry eloquent and benevolent speeches, and they passed sundry benevolent motions, which declared that the unfortunate people of the Ottawa district needed aid, deserved aid, and must be aided, and topped the whole off with a resolution that somebody else must aid them. The ladies afterwards met, whether they spoke or not we don't know, at all events the papers did not report the speeches, but they moved with effect, and as the result of their efforts they forwarded four hundred dollars in cash, and sixty dollars worth of clothing to the burned district.

—We can now state in answer to the many inquiries which have been addressed to us on the subject, that Mr. Prang's proposition to offer prizes to lady artists originally made to THE REVOLUTION, was submitted to the Ladies' Art Association, of this city, with the expectation that they would arrange an exhibition of the works of competing artists. We now learn through the secretary of the society, that a great deal of correspondence passed between herself and Mr. Prang relative to this matter, and that owing to some conditions which Mr. Prang made, and which the adies felt bore pretty heavily upon their little organization, and would involve an outlay of money they were unprepared to meet, the whole scheme was abandoned. We are very sorry that a plan so well calculated to afford encouragement and stimulus to our women artists, and which at the same time would have furnished an index of the artistic ability of the women of the country, should have fallen through. It is now too late to make renewed efforts for such an exhibition this year, but we hope Mr. Prang may be induced to renew his offer in such a shape that it can be acted upon at some future time.

Our Mail Bag.

REFLECTIONS AND INCIDENTS—THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

ALEXANDRIA, Jan. 11th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Glancing through "Jane Eyre" recently, my attention was arrested by the following passage:

"Women are supposed to be very calm generally, but they feel just as men feel; they need exercise for their faculties, and a field for their efforts, as much as their brothers do, and it is narrow-minded in their more privileged fellow-creatures to say that they ought to confine themselves to making puddings and knitting stockings, to playing on the piano and embroidering bags."

What a grand champion of our cause the gifted Charlotte Bronte would be! I fancy that her voice would ring out in a cry against tyranny, and she would work, plead and pray for the emancipation of woman.

Recently a young German related to me the following incident: He was traveling in company with an American in Germany. One day they were walking along a country road, when they met a great stalwart German, and by his side a small, delicate-looking woman—his slave, whom the law termed his wife—plodded wearily on, dragging a hand-wagon filled with wood, and carrying on her other arm a tiny baby. The reflected sunlight of a free, happy woman's heart had faded from her face, and in its place was written dull, heavy despair, as now and then she glanced with a look of abject fear into the coarse, bloated face of her brutal taskmaster.

My German friend said, "that sight accomplished for me more than essays on the subject or brilliant oratorical efforts had done; it converted me to the cause of woman's rights."

His American companion said: "So this is your boasted fatherland—your glorious Germany. I thank God that I was born in a lands where women are ranked a little above horses."

But is it not a humiliating fact that even in our Republican America many men value their wives far below their horses? Scores of weak, delicate women have to bear the heat and burden of the day, while their liege lords are being regaled with club-house dinners, twenty-five-cent segars, sherry-cobblers, and gorgeous in purple, fine linen and diamonds, dash along Fifth avenue behind full-blooded bays. What matter is it to them that their wives are stitching their lives away? That they re-model old dresses, and make over last-season bonnets, economizing in every possible way, in order that their fools of husbands may have more money to lavish on opera-singers, and live *en prince*.

If sensible American men would glance around them, and observe the galling yoke of tyranny beneath which thousands of noble women daily have to bend, the pleadings of common humanity would prompt them to bid us godspeed in our mighty work.

How degrading, how exasperating is the thought that the scanty earnings of a poor working woman can be forcibly taken from her, and spent in whiskey, by a vile, brutal husband, and the law give her no redress. Yet men ask, and even women so far forget their womanhood as to put the question, What good will the ballot do woman?

When we have obtained it, and crushed out, trampeled in the dust such a law as this, the whole world will see what benefit the ballot has been to woman.

We are having a glorious time in Washington. The Woman Suffrage Convention is well attended, and great interest manifested. This morning the Judiciary Committee, consisting of Representatives Bingham, Butler, Cook, Peters, Laughridge, Kerr, Eldridge and Kellogg, gave a hearing to Mrs. Woodhull's brilliant and unanswerable argument based upon the fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States. Her able address was listened to with marked attention, and apparently made a very favorable impression upon the members of the committee. The dark days of our cause are almost over, and already we catch gleams of the glorious sunlight that will gild the brighter, better days to come.

Miss Anthony says "that Congress is to be turned into a grand woman's rights convention; and woe to every man who dares to vote against the passage of our bill. We propose to obtain the ballot with telegraphic speed. Wall street has appeared in Congress to demand the ballot."

Hon. A. G. Riddle delivered a powerful argument in our behalf.

Mrs. Hooker made some beatiful and appropriate remarks.

I quote Miss Anthony again, and I could not repeat the language of a nobler, grander woman. She says: "The woman's suffrage movement has passed the first stage of every reform, namely ridicule."

The convention assembled at Lincoln Hall at three P. M. The Rev. Olympia Brown opened the meeting with prayer, and a beautiful, touching prayer it was, every word glowing with unalterable truth.

Mrs. Hooker presided. Mrs. Blake, of New York, was the first speaker. She brought many powerful arguments to bear upon the subject, and her address throughout was characterized by grace and brilliancy.

Miss Anthony made one of her strong, sound speeches, to which the public ever lends an eager ear. I wish I had time to chronicle a hundreth part of the good things that were said at Lincoln Hall to-day. It was a rare treat, a rich feast, of which I at least would like to oftener partake.

Very truly yours, IRIS.

THE REV. DR. THOMPSON REVIEWED.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

In a late book of Dr. Thompson (D. D., not M. D.,) on "Man in Genesis," is a chapter on Woman in America. The gist of the first two pages is that *marriage* and *family* spring from the single circumstance that but one pair were originally created, and, of this, each were the sexual complement of the other. In support of this *profound* and noble idea, the writer says: "Nowhere in the animal or *vegetable kingdom* do we find a uniform distribution into families."

Unhappily for the argument, this is not true. There are at least a dozen species of animals native to the Doctor's paternal stubble fields, which breed in families more uniformly than does the *genus homo*. Who ever heard of a stray bird or waif mouse raised without the family, or a kitten or puppy, except by man's interference. Again he says: "But where there is an approximation to this, it is purely instinctive." Does he mean to intimate that human cohabitation is *not* instinctive? But suppose it is not, is instinct *less* constant than man's volition? Again: "But in the human species, God created but a single pair—created the two that they might voluntarily become one—one not by a law of nature, but one by a rational and moral choice in a union of deliberate volition and of sacred affection, and therefore indissoluble." Observe the logic:

1st. God created but two that they might become one; therefore, all subsequent twos would *voluntarily* become ones, because the first two were *obliged* to become one; that the Almighty's method of making one was to weld two units together; and inferentially that two pairs would have spoiled the whole scheme of creation, and destroyed the possibility of *family* and *marriage;* besides, there is an intimation that animal generation started with more than one pair. Where is the authority for this? "Not by a law of nature." Is a union caused by man's volition more indissoluble than one from a law of nature? "By a rational and moral choice." But he has just argued that a single pair made marriage a necessity. How could there be a "moral choice" with but one to choose from? and what chance was there for a "rational" choice when they were *bound* to marry? which postulate the Doctor assumes: "Therefore, indissoluble." Is love more constant than the chemical tension of oxygen and nitrogen in the air?

Again, page 130: "No modification of society can ever displace these two fundamental facts, the sexes and their interdependence, and no society can endure which disregards or attempts to modify facts thus fundamental in the existence of the race itself! "Oh, dear Suz!" as the Yankees say, I did not think you were trying to *vice versa* the sexes, Susan. Blackstone said the British Parliament could do everything but make "a woman a man;" and here you are trying that same thing which Dr. Thompson says will be disastrous to the race itself. Susan, if your purpose is to make a woman of me, I bid you good-bye. I have no objection to your being a man yourself if you can bring it about; but as for my becoming a woman, excuse me, if you please, especially until they are enfranchised.

But, again, wisdom flows forth in these words: "The *status* of woman hinges upon the vital fact of sex." The Doctor comes about as near "touching bottom" here as heretofore. The sex of woman is always the same, but her *status* varies in every country and age. The sex is constant in Wyoming and New York; but her status varies as the highest and lowest mathematical quantities. But what reasons for this wise saying does the Doctor give? Why, somebody (I suspect the Doctor's paternity of the idea) in the *North American* wrote "that the tendency of legislation in all modern states is to reduce marriage to an instrument for the legitimization of children simply.

This our author endorses and sustains by the following reason:

1st. Bearing children requires marital love.

2nd. Marriage reduced to such a "compact" destroys the divine beauty of the sex.

3rd. That maternity is very affecting.

4th. That Stuart Mill's fatal fallacy was overlooking physiological diversities.

Ergo. The status of woman hinges on sex.

There is logic for you, oh, ye simple ones.

who are hungering and thirsting after something solid, and enduring on this subject. Come to Dr. Thompson's book on woman, and take your fill.

Which of these propositions tends to prove the conclusion is difficult to tell, since all but the motherhood one is manifestly untrue.

Next follows a page of quotation of about the same calibre as the text itself. When our author again "puts in," as follows: "The word of God always puts honor upon the institution of the family."

Who said it didn't?

So far the doctor has upheld two "men of straw," *marriage* and *family*. Perhaps his audience thought these were jeopardized by the "woman movement." If so, and they will pay for the stuff, why, let him preach but not print. Next follows a page or two of eulogy on the institution of marriage, which is the trashiest kind of highfalutin, of about the same value as the weather predictions in an almanac.

This brings us to page 137, where the doctor opens another "vial" upon communism as follows: "Its theories provide no bound for cohesion." * * * "That self-interest will not keep the atoms together."

Very well, then, society has nothing to fear; for as fast as people "commune" they will be dispersed, and the only loss to the community will be from the subtraction of these erratic units which, in spite of the doctor's warning, persist in their repellent theories. It is sad to think of the discouragement to co-operative labor from this profound argument. I have no doubt it will turn the wheels of reform back a century, at least, if it does not send them "clean back" to the doctor's "single pair."

Truly Yours, J. R. H.

WHAT THE REV. MR. HATFIELD THINKS.

COLDWATER, MICH., Jan. 9, 1871.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

I herewith send you a few extracts of the speech of the Rev. H. H. Hatfield, delivered in this place Tuesday evening, January 2d, 1871.

Mr. H. was invited to address the citizens of this city by several of our prominent citizens, who were desirous of hearing what could be said against woman's rights. The lecture took place in Seely's Hall, where only a very small audience were assembled to greet the speaker—all told, not to exceed 175 persons—and considerably the larger portion of them were in favor of giving the ballot to woman. Mr. H. is a very audacious man, and at all times very extravagant with invectives and harsh language, but upon this occasion he seemed to surpass himself.

His objections to woman's enfranchisement were the same that have been raised by all writers and speakers upon that side of the question, viz.:

The ballot would make women coarse, and destroy the finest, sweetest and most loveable characteristics in her nature; women would have to carry the musket and policeman's club; and political life would cause her to neglect her domestic duties; woman's proper sphere was maternity, and that would also be neglected. The great hue and cry that many women were driven to lead bad lives because of the small compensation they received for their services, ought to be stamped with shame. No girl in this country need to resort to a life of shame because she could not earn an honest livelihood. What led them to do it was laziness, love of lust and finery. It had been his experience that when he had seen one woman who needed work to earn her bread he had always seen three men in the same situation.

This suffrage movement was against the teachings of the Bible. It created discord in families, and generally disturbing the peace of society, by making many noble women discontented and unhappy. It was tending to free-loveism; and if the doctrine of one of the leading advocates [Mrs. Stanton] was carried out the United States would soon be a Sodom and Gomorrah.

Mr. H. was very bitter against the leaders of woman's suffrage generally, but took particular pains to pitch into John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Stanton. Somthing of his style can be seen from a few verbatim extracts of his address.

"Taking the women of my acquaintance, there is not one in five, in ten or in twelve, that has the least sympathy with this movement. They are fully occupied with their appropriate duties at home. They are contented and have no desire to frequent woman's rights conventions or patronize those who manage them. They have not discovered that their husbands are tyrants or brutes, or that they are slaves. They are not to be coaxed or bullied out of their convictions, or out of their sphere in which they are occupied."

"When I go into the cars and see some woman with her hair cut off just below her ears square across, I wonder whether she has been sick, insane or guilty of some crime, and sent to some institution where she got her hair cut off, or whether she has cut it off to show that she would be a man if she could. It has been said that straws show which way the wind blows; and this is one of the straws in the air that is fully showing which way the wind is blowing.

"They [the advocates of woman suffrage] say, give us the ballot, and we will see about the wages. If I had a boy ten years old, that did not know that wages can not be regulated by legislation, I should want his mother to spank him and put him to bed. Whether the laws are made by men or women, they could not accomplish this result. It is governed by supply and demand.

"There has been a brooding over the real and imaginary sufferings of women by these advocates, until their minds have become unbalanced, unsound and unreliable upon other subjects, and utterly unreliable and unsound on this."

Mr. Hatfield spoke nearly two hours, and in my humble opinion disappointed the larger part of the audience, if not all.

Truly yours, S. B. KITCHEL.

LOST TIME.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The Cullom bill, which aims to stop polygamy in Utah, is again pending in Congress. When the republican party came into power ten years ago, it stood pledged to abolish the institution. Laws, dismemberment of the Territory, troops, disabilities, all have been tried without success. At the last session the Committee on Territories made a lengthy report and brought in a bill which consists in heaping together all plans heretofore tried, and doubling their severity. Every tyrannous trick, from packed juries to martial law, is proposed in this bill, to interfere with the constitution of families.

The committee assumes that bigamy in Illinois and polygamy in Utah are the same, and should be punished alike. This is false. Bigamy includes fraud: the person who commits it pretends to be unmarried and thus cheats the other party. When it is fully understood, as in Utah, that the new wife will be one of several, and she enters the relation knowing this, whatever may be the morality of her course, government has no right to interfere.

We protest against Congress wasting its time on this useless timber. Since the bill was tabled in the Senate last summer, the exertions of the Universal Franchise Association have been crowned with success, and Utah's women have begun the use of the ballot. Their future is now in their own hands. We demand that Congress let them alone and proceed to pass the Sixteenth Amendment.

If this bill should pass in any shape, we charge Senators Pomeroy, Fowler, Wilson, and Sumner, and Representatives Julian, Banks, and Butler to look to it that the infamous clause be struck out that seeks to cheat the women of Utah of their vested right by reinserting the shameful word "male" in the qualifications for voters. Woman's enfranchisement has sealed polygamy's doom; let no blunder renew its strength.

Yours truly, J. K. H. WILCOX.

MR. EMERSON'S LECTURE.

[A friend has favored us with the following suggestive passages from a private letter.—ED. REVOLUTION.]

FRANKLINVILLE. N. C.

All communication with the world seems cut off; we have a mail Mondays and Thursdays only, and yesterday it failed to come; twice before nothing came for me, so I must have found that "lodge in a vast wilderness."

I read an occasional *Tri-weekly Tribune*, and there I found a report of Emerson's Lecture on Immortality—a string of pearls, among which I was sorry to find the same old evil (call that old devil; it looks like it now that I have written it) that shows his "cloven foot" in the writings of all the wise ones (nearly), Fourier excepted, viz., that the mass are not worthy of immortality. The rich say the poor do not deserve luxuries because of their improvidence; the wise say the ignorant suffer justly for their want of knowledge, and so on; in every shape that superiority takes it expresses a pitiful contempt for the unfortunates still wanting those goods, or lacking those opportunities, or not exhibiting those virtues, deemed so God-like. "I have not so learned Christ." The infinitely small seems to me an essential of the infinitely large; the atom low down on the graduting scale just as inherently good as one near the top; latent virtues as essentially virtues as those demonstrated.

The frivolous young woman holds locked in the seemingly little soul all the passions that shine out so grandly in those whose opportunities have made frivolity impossible.

It appears to me that a little more sympathy with the weak would seem more divine as well as more human. Oneness with light and wisdom need not sever the intellect from love, that endless chain that reaches down through all phases and forms of manifestation, and up to the perfection typified at every point of development.

Truly yours, M. A. C.

HOPE FOR THE DRUNKARD.—The most hopeless cases of Drunkeness and Intemperance positively cured by a very simple remedy. Send for circular and convince yourself. Address C. C. BEERS, M. D., box 5110 New York.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3083, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 19, 1871.

AUBREY HOUSE.

There is a subtle charm about certain houses which draws, by an inexplicable attraction wits, philosophers, poets and literateurs together under one roof.

Such a one in London was Holland House to a past generation, and such a one is Aubrey House at the present time.

It is no easy matter to analyze the magic spell which makes such a house so attractive. It may contain every comfort and luxury that wealth can afford. Everywhere within its rooms one may see the evidences of good taste in the pictures, busts and other ornaments that so unmistakably mark refinement in their owners or the lack of it. It may be presided over by a host and hostess, who are not only well bred, but who have large hearts, cultured intellects and advanced ideas, and yet it may lack that subtle something which everybody feels and nobody can explain, but which distinguishes the dwellings that have been intellectual centres in various ages and various lands, and has made them as familiar in history to all subsequent generations as they were in their own day to their habitues.

Such an intellectual centre is Aubrey House. Not only do the most advanced thinkers, whose names are the synonyms of liberal thought in England and the world over, meet here, but here, too, artists, poets, authors, philosophers and politicians "most do congregate" on Mrs. Taylor's "open evenings." And here, also, a small club of choice spirits meet monthly; the Pen and Pencil Club, composed of artists and authors, who bring essays or sketches as their contribution to the general pleasure, and from this custom the club takes its name.

The readers of THE REVOLUTION will have an opportunity to judge for themselves of the quality of these essays from the able paper of Mr. Taylor, which has appeared in these columns, and we hope that others, not only from his pen, but from still other members of the Club, may follow it.

Aubrey House is, moreover, a typical English home as well as an intellectual centre. Comfort and luxury go hand in hand in that tasteful and well-ordered household, where flowers in the conservatory, pictures on the walls, and books everywhere, betray the æsthetic tastes of its inmates, and minister to those of its guests; while every detail of its internal economy shows that the influence of the watchful eye and guiding hand of the mistress of the house is felt everywhere in the domestic concerns, and keeps all the machinery moving without friction or noise.

And yet the mistress of this charming and well-ordered home is a woman's rights woman.

One of those "strong-minded females," the very mention of whom is enough to conjure up in the minds of many people a vision of a gaunt, hard-featured, loud-voiced, ill-dressed, shrewish creature, whose disorderly and comfortless home, whose snubbed and miserable husband, and whose dirty and neglected children, are awful warnings to other women to beware of following in their footsteps, lest they and their households share their sad fate. But if the strong-minded woman of this fearful type ever did exist, and we are inclined to think she was a mythical personage, she is not now to be met with on the face of the habitable globe. In her stead, we find a gentle, graceful and cultured woman, sprightly in conversation and charming in manners, who has nothing in person or appearance to mark her as belonging to a class bent on turning the world upside down.

In fact, she has fewer eccentricities of dress or appearance to attract observation than the fashionable woman of the period. Her home is well ordered, her family both fond and proud of her, and this is natural enough.

John Stuart Mill said to us: "The best managed and happiest homes I know of are presided over by women's rights women; and this is only what should be expected, for they are universally clever and sensible; and for such women, neglect of home and its duties would be simply unnatural."

Depend upon it, intellect tells as much upon the home circle as it does outside of it; and any man who marries a weak-minded wife for the sake of being master of his own household will find that he has made a sad mistake, for, of all unmanageable creatures, a silly woman is the most unmanageable.

If Aubrey House is a fair specimen of an English home, its mistress is a fair example also of the woman's rights woman of our time. Mrs. Taylor is a lady of medium height, slight figure and delicate features. In face, figure and manner, she is more like a New England woman than the women of her own nation. Of a singularly refined and pure nature, which instinctively shrinks from contact with anything coarse or base, a cultured mind, and yet with generous sympathies, touched by all the sorrow of those less fortunate than herself, and ready to do what she can to lift those in trouble out of their sad condition, Mrs. Taylor is a strong-minded woman, of whom all her sisters may well be proud, and we wish there were thousands like her both in England and America.

The existence of such homes, under the management of well-known leaders in the woman's movement, ought to re-assure the timid, who fear that the granting of equal rights to women is to be the end of domestic peace and the beginning of social anarchy and confusion.

But ignorance and prejudice are granite barriers in the way of progress, which must disintegrate and waste away under the slow influences of time, and the gradual changes of public opinion, unless as sometimes happens, they are dislodged by a sudden social earthquake, such as in our own country has forever overthrown the time-honored rampart of the Biblical theory of the divine institution of slavery.

No doubt the time will come when it will be as unnecessary to argue for the right of a woman to a voice in the government under which she lives, the right to her own property, the right to her own children, and the right to herself, as it is now to talk about the right of a black man to his liberty.

But that time has not yet come, and Mrs. Taylor and her able co-adjutors of the London National Society for woman suffrage are doing their best to help the good cause along.

Their method of work is the sending of petitions for the franchise to Parliament—and their committee forms all over England subcommittees to obtain signers to these petitions; this with the publication and distribution of tracts and pamphlets, on the subject of woman's rights, is the system adopted by their society.

Mr. Taylor heartily sympathizes with his wife in this reform movement as he did in an earlier one—the anti-slavery agitation. For Mrs. Taylor is not a woman of but one idea, even though that one be so grand as the enfranchisement of her sex. In earlier days she applied for membership to the anti-slavery society then in existence in London; but *being a woman* her request was refused. Resolved on work, however, in the cause which interests her so deeply, she formed a society of women who like herself could not be content to be idle when such a wrong as slavery still existed; and so ably did they do their part that, in a very short time, the society which had rejected Mrs. Taylor, publicly expressed their approval of what she and the ladies associated with her had accomplished and soon after this same society requested, the ladies to join them. This the ladies did not care to do, after their first summary rejection; but they continued their labors until slavery was abolished in the United States.

As a mark of their appreciation of Mrs. Taylor's devotion to the anti-slavery cause, some of the Americans resident in London in 1857, presented her with a photographic album filled with the portraits of the most prominent agitators in the United States on this question. It was pleasant to see the familiar faces of Wendell Phillips, Col. Higginson, Mrs. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Theodore Tilton, Frederick Douglass, and many others, though twelve years have made great changes in the looks of some of these pioneers in the good work.

In connection with her labors for woman's rights, Mrs. Taylor has also established a free institution, on her own grounds, for the education of boys and girls together, called the Aubrey Institute.

In a country where free schools are yet in their infancy, and so little understood that Mrs. Fawcett, a well-known liberal, and woman's rights advocate, writes a long letter to the London *Times* protesting against the system regarding it as public charity, and therefore, as demoralizing to the recipient as aid from the poor-house. Mrs Taylor's school is a great step in advance. It is very successful in its workings as it deserves to be.

Mrs. Taylor has been fortunate enough to see the incubus of slavery, against which she has toiled so earnestly, removed from one of its most vigorously defended strongholds. She has seen the emancipation and elevation to civil rights of a race of enslaved people. God grant that she may live to see her labors crowned with success in the emancipation and enfranchisement of all womankind, not only in England and America, but throughout the world.

THE CAUSE AT THE CAPITAL.

The city of Washington has been stormed by the women, who have captured it, Federal Constitution and all.

Great stir has just been created among our American statesmen now in Congress concerning the true interpretation of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. The discovery has been made that those two amendments, without the aid of the proposed sixteenth, confer suffrage on women as well as on negroes and other citizens. Thus the fourteenth says that "all persons born or naturalized in the United States are citizens," and that "no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens." It is claimed under this amendment, that woman, since she is a person, is also, thereby a citizen. Being a citizen she is entitled to the privileges and immunities of citizens, among which is the elective franchise. Furthermore, the fifteenth says that the right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. It is claimed, under this amendment, that as both sexes are needed to make a race, therefore all persons included under this term race (namely, women as well as men) have a constitutional right to the franchise. Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull has been for some time in Washington pressing this idea, and has succeeded by her energy and earnestness in eliciting the assent of many Congressmen and other influential politicians to this interpretation. A hearing was had on the subject before the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives, of which Mr. Bingham and Gen. Butler are members, and we understand that Gen. Butler seconds Mrs. Woodhull's views.

THE REVOLUTION is perfectly willing to get for women any and every possible advantage from legislation which was meant for men, but we shall not so put our trust in the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments as to abate a jot or tittle of our demand for a sixteenth.

It was during the general agitation in Washington which Mrs. Woodhull created last week, that the third annual National Woman's Suffrage Convention was held at Lincoln Hall, and was an unprecedented success. Its leading spirit was Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who, together with Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Mrs. Paulina Wright Davis, and Miss Susan B. Anthony, made all the preliminary arrangements, and managed the meeting.

Mrs. Hooker's zeal, activity, and amiability give her the power to make an easy conquest wherever she carries the banner of the good cause. Her generalship in Washington has marshalled hosts of new and ardent friends into the movement.

Five sessions were held, during each of which the Convention was presided over by some member of the Senate or House of Representatives;—and it was a novel feature to see such men as Senators Nye, Warren, and Wilson sitting successively in the president's chair, apparently half unconscious that it was one of greater honor than their familiar seats in the Senate. Speeches were made by Adele Hazlitt, Olympia Brown, Lily Peckham, Isabella B. Hooker, Lily Devereux Blake, Cora Hatch Tappan, Susan B. Anthony, Kate Stanton, Victoria C. Woodhull, Hon. A. G. Riddle, (of the Washington bar), Frederick Douglass, Senators Nye and Wilson, and Mary E. Post, who made a journey all the way from Wyoming to attend the Convention.

A good deal was said by these speakers concerning the proposed new interpretation of the existing constitutional amendments. It was thus a convention with a new idea. The reporters could not say that only the old, stock arguments were used. There was an air of novelty about the proceedings, indicating healthy life to the movement. The consequence was that the cause of woman's enfranchisement has made a new, sudden, and profound impression at Washington.

KEEP CLEAR OF BREAKERS.

We have learned from excellent authority that the *Woman's Journal* of Boston is backed up by the Republican party of Massachusetts, which is pledged to its support. If this is not so we should like to be informed, for we are sorry to think that any woman's organ is bound to the wheels of a political party, which must necessarily hamper its free and independent action the moment women get votes in their hands. If that time ever does come we shall be grieved if women dance to any political piping whatsoever but that which subserves their most sacred interests. It appears to us, for the sake of the purity of the parties of the future, women ought to keep clear of political complications while they remain disfranchised. Otherwise they will only embarrass their action in time to come and lessen the influence they ought to wield.

The Republican party has proved itself far from magnanimous or open to conviction on the woman question; and as political promises are not to be trusted we doubt whether it will recover from its blindness, until it finds itself at the last gasp and ready to reach out for any convenient rope. To be sure, Governor Claflin did mention the woman cause in his last annual message, and people are felicitating themselves upon it, as if the woman cause were not of vital importance, and worthy to be mentioned anywhere. Whether recognized or not in prosy official documents it is one of the live interests of the day; and Governor Claflin showed himself only a little less phlegmatic and purblind than some of his brethren.

We do not believe in all this coquetting to secure the boon of uffrage. He who seeks to save his life shall lose it. It is of the utmost mportance that women preserve their political purity and the freedom of their actions at whatever cost, for otherwise every motion will be impeded the day their triumph begins, by the party to which they are committed, and which will be sure to use them instead of their using it.

We have expressed ourselves very freely on this subject heretofore; and it is certainly paradoxical to pretend that women can be either Republicans or Democrats, when they have as yet no political status. At present they are the best critics of both parties, and see the corruptions of both, and the great necessity of standing clear of both. When they get votes they can then shape their future political action, but they can never wisely and intelligently do it beforehand.

It appears that the Radicals of Virginia are now doing their utmost to persecute a lady official, Miss Van Lew, the Richmond postmistress, and to get her ousted from the position she fills with much credit to herself. Can it be possible that the *Woman's Journal* is prepared to support the party thus waging war upon a woman?

TRIALS OF THE DISFRANCHISED.

Mrs. Bodichon, in a tract bearing the imprint of London, 1869, gives some notable examples of the disadvantage, under which a certain class of English women labor owing to their disfranchised condition. In the mother country, where political fealty is counted as belonging to the land, it becomes a very important question whether tenants are voters or non-voters.

Mrs. Bodichon says:

"Among instances of hardship traceable directly to the exclusion from the franchise, and to no other cause, may be mentioned the unwillingness of landlords to accept women as tenants. Two large farmers in Suffolk inform me that this is not an uncommon case. They mention one estate on which seven widows have been ejected, who, if they had had votes, would have been continued as tenants.

"The case of women farmers is stronger, but not much stronger than that of women who, as heads of a business or a household, fulfill the duties of a man in the same position. Their task is often a hard one, and everything which helps to sustain their relf-respect, and give them consideration and importance in the eyes of others, is likely to lessen their difficulties and make them happier and stronger for the battle of life."

It is not wonderful, considering these and other facts of which Mrs. Bodichon presents a telling array, that the English agitation should have made franchise its pivotal point. Something has already been gained by allowing women to vote in municipal elections, and the strength which they are likely to bring to politics can be estimated from the following fact: "In the London *Court Guide* (1869, it is to be presumed), which of course includes no houses below the value of £10 a year, the number of householders whose names begin with A is 1,149. Of these 205, that is, more than one-sixth, are women, all of whom are either unmarried or widows."

—Through the gallantry of Mr. Arnell, the room of the Committee on Education and Labor has been placed at the disposal of the Ladies' National Committee, appointed to remain in Washington for the purpose of capturing Congress through the weak points of the XIVth and XVth Amendments. The Committee is composed as follows: President—Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, Hartford, Conn. Secretaries—Mrs. Josephine S. Griffing, Washington, D. C.; Susan B. Anthony, Rochester, N. Y.; Victoria C. Woodhull, New York city; Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Tenafly, N. J.; Lucretia Mott, Philadelphia, Pa.; Olympia Brown Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Emily Stevens, San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Harriet W. Sewall, Melrose, Mass.; Mrs. Mary K. Spaulding, Atlanta, Ga.; Mrs. Anna Bodeker, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Frances Pillsbury, Charleston, S. C.; Mrs. Senator Gilbert, St. Augustine, Fla.; Pauline Wright Davis, Providence, R. I.; M. Adelle Hazzlett, Hillsdale, Mich.; Mrs. Dr. Ferguson, Richmond, Ind.

—Mrs. Woodhull's memorial was referred to a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Loughridge, Butler and Peters. It is this sub-committee, and not the full Judiciary Committee, whose report has been annonnced. The majority, Loughridge and Butler, are in favor of the new interpretation of the Constitutional Amendment, and Mr. Peters is opposed to it.

WHITHER DOES IT TEND?

Timid conservatives often excellently well disposed, are constantly asking whither does the woman movement tend? Is it going to break up families, abolish homes, destroy the domestic relations, put men in the kitchen and women in the work-shop, and turn things topsey turvey generally. As these questions cannot all be answered at once; in fact, as there is not a being living wise, and far seeing enough to answer them all, they shake their heads dubiously, and refrain from giving in their allegience to the new doctrine.

Not so many years have passed but what we can well remember that the same questions were persistently dinned into the ears of the little band of abolitionists, who were striving to wipe out the curse of human slavery. Those who cried peace, peace, when there was no peace, and wished to turn over and take another nap of half a century or so, while the crack of the slave-drivers whip was heard on southern plantations, and the air was filled with the heart-broken sobs of the slave mother as her child was torn from her arms, looked only at the tendencies of the movement as they effected the existing order of things, and demanded that this agitation should cease for fear their comfort might be spoiled.

They could not see that the only danger lay in letting things alone and allowing the old system to drift on to the rocks, or break to pieces from its own inherent rottenness, and that the only salvation lay in putting in new planks, and beams, and stays, and braces.

In this sense the work of every reform which has an essential root is constructive, rather than destructive. It aims to make rather than unmake, to build up rather than pull down.

The gardener in planting a lily bulb is not troubled about the way the stem and leaves of the plant will rise into the air, and the manner in which the flower is to unfold and gather a snowy sheen, his concern is for the conditions of growth. He gets the best soil and prepares it in the best manner; carefully seeing that every known rule of development is complied with, and then he leaves the plant to expand according to its own inward law.

The principle business of our reform is to improve the conditions of woman's growth, leaving as we must the results of her improved conditions to take care of themselves.

We insist that society shall give woman freedom because she has a sacred right to freedom, or otherwise our government is a sham and a delusion. We demand that the knotted, bloody cords which have eaten into her limbs for ages shall be broken, or cut, and burned up with fire just as the slave's manacles were melted in the fierce heats of our civil war. This can only be accomplished, in woman's case, by inculcating a detestation of slavery in all its forms, and never ceasing to follow its trail wherever it may hide, or under whatever subtle disguise, it may exist. Negro slavery was more prominent in its ugly features than white woman slavery; but exactly the same principle under a different mode of manifestation which arrogantly claimed owership of the bodies and souls of the blacks now claims that women shall obey, be tried and punished by the laws they have had no hand in making, and can raise no finger towards unmaking. Still, underlaying all this is the fundamental object of making better women, improving the stock, raising the tone of the race.

We know one thing thoroughly well, in regard to the woman cause, we are as honestly convinced of it as we are that a finer lily will be produced in the sunshine of the garden than in the forest shade; and that is, that better women on the average will result from the freedom, light, and air of enlarged opportunities than have been produced in the past.

We know that human nature contains all the principles of constructive order. One might as reasonably attempt to produce steam motion without the machinery of the engine, as to try and institute a better society without improving men and women.

What we again repeat is that the woman movement deals mainly with women themselves. The restrictions removed, the trammels struck off, the gates and bars pulled down, men and women together will reform what needs reforming, or frame a new social system. We are not afraid to abide by the loosings and the bindings which shall then take place. We are not intimidated by any bugbear of social revolution which shall bring in the lord of misrule, and produce a state of anarchy over which all good people shall weep. Whatever changes must come inevitably we know they will be for the best. Whatever things must be rooted out, we say let them be rooted out, else being of the nature of the deadly upas they will choke and blight all that is wholesome in our life.

We have more to dread, perhaps, from the opaque mass of easy conservatism than from open-mouthed and blatent abuse. To this principle new things are a stench in the nostrils. It has neither eyes, nor ears, faith, memory nor imagination. Every new idea of progress, every extension of human liberty is going to rend in pieces the existing order of things, and put nothing in its place. When negro slavery culminated the people actuated by this principle declared republican institutions a failure. There was no coherence in the body politic, no elasticity in the government. And again the old cry is raised, and it is proclaimed that rash women are trying to pull down society about the ears of the peaceable and order loving, as Samson pulled down the temple on the heads of the Philistines. This easy taking fire at an imaginary danger indicates a deplorable decay of faith and confidence in society as it now is. For our part we can contemplate woman with a ballot in her hand without any dread that the decree of nature which has established the feminine principle is going to be disturbed. We have a vital living faith in the home which braces society and makes it stable. We should blush to own that for one moment we believed as some of our opponents profess, that marriage can so easily be supplanted by what is called free love. We do not believe it. It is our conviction that marriage and the family relations can bear all the strain likely to be brought to bear upon them, and being purged as only the woman question can purge them, will answer to the needs of human nature more satisfactorily than ever before. We have never believed, nor avowed that the tendency of our movement is to thrust men out of the positions they now occupy. But we do say that if men can to any large degree be pushed from their stools by women they deserve to be. We are willing to see a fair and equal competition instituted, on the principle that the best places will inevitably fall to the share of the most skillful workers of both sexes. We are also willing to respect entirely the limitations of nature. If our sex cannot produce a Michael Angelo, a Shakspeare, a Newton, and a Beethoven, we will be content with a Rosa Bonheur, a Barrett Browning, a Rachel, a Seebach, and a Nilsson.

We are perfectly willing to leave the future destines of society so far as women can influence them in the hands of such women as Mrs. Somerville, Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau, Frances Power Cobbe, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Miss Anthony, Julia Ward Howe, Lydia Maria Childs, and others of the same kind who are to come after them.

Our answer, therefore, to the question, Whither does it tend? is to peace, to order, to harmony, to liberty, to better living, to purer aims, to nobler aspirations, in short, to every constructive principle

That keeps the most ancient heavens fresh and strong.

A LITTLE TURN-COAT.

The modern Atlas who bears *The Globe* upon *his* shoulders, appears to strikingly resemble that interesting animal, the chamelion. If we remember rightly, some months ago he presented himself in the form of an advocate of woman suffrage. Whether this was owing to a lucid interval from which he has since lapsed into blindness, because of the hardness of his heart, or whether he "stole the livery of an angel to serve the devil in," certain it is he has sadly fallen from grace. We do not wish to intimate that this defection will bring confusion to our ranks; we only feel an unselfish regret that the one string to his bow, at all likely to make clear music, has grown "jangled, out of tune and harsh."

Just previous to the Decade meeting, held in his city in October, the *Globe* said, while speaking of our cause: "Women are not aggressive in this movement—they are not up in arms; their revolution appeals to the morals and intellects of the race, and has nothing to do with brute force." And now the same sheet unblushingly proclaims that "the woman's movement seems to us an absurdity where it is not an impossibility," and attacks Mrs. Stowe for mildly implying that women ought not to be stoned for making a business of getting husbands when marriage is the only lucrative vocation open to them. This small turn-coat then insolently demands that the author of Uncle Tom's Cabin, or any member of the "shrieking and protesting sisterhood" shall point out what avenues of wealth are now shut against women. Of law, he says, the real difficulty would be for women to get clients. Does he forget or wilfully ignore the fact that not long since Mrs. Myra Bradwell made a strenuous effort to get admitted to practice before the bar of Illinois, and failed; That Mrs. Ada Kepley was admitted to practice, in Chicago, before Judge Decius' Court? bur owing to a decree of the Supreme Court was liable to pay a fine of three dollars for every fee she took? This looks very much like a free field for women in the law. Our little turncoat appears to be equally impartial on the subject of medicine. He says: "Women have been persecuted while attending

medical lectures, but such ruffianly opposition is too short-lived to be of consequence." In this jaunty and cavalier style does he dispose of all the insults and humiliations heaped upon women while treading a path guarded by a worse than ancient cerberus, and compact of the low, groveling, vulgar passions of men.

As to the other businesses and professions of the word, our sometime friend and present foe cries out, "Come on; let us see what you can do. Don't be for ever shrieking for your rights; but take them practically," and yet all the time he—and others like him—stands with his back set squarely against the doors of colleges and scientific schools, and defies any woman to walk in.

He taunts women with their inefficiency and then inquires, "How was it with Columbus, with Galileo, with Harvey, with Jenner, with Stephenson, with Fulton, with Morse."

As for Columbus, we can make answer, that without the help of a woman who sold her jewels to buy him ships, the red Indian would probably be roaming over the spot where the *Globe* office now stands.

Margaret Fuller pointed out long ago to American men that the only way they could pay their debt to Isabella, Queen of Spain, was by giving American women their rights.

The *Globe* asserts what is false when it says that the "champion woman wants her ability to be accepted and believed before she proves it, and then she wants to keep all the courtesies and concessions she has hitherto enjoyed by reason of her greater delicacy."

No such absurd demands were ever made by any woman. All the "champion woman" asks is a chance to develop the powers she possesses.

She asks straw to make her bricks, and man stands with his fists doubled up, and says, "come on get the straw," and the bricks remaining unmade, he taunts and derides her in opprobrious terms. The whole world helped forward most of the great men whom the *Globe* has named. The whole world blocks the way for a woman who would fit herself for any vocation beyond what custom tolerates. We ask the world with its stupid, blind prejudices to get out of the way and let us show what we can do. Those who mock at us before schools and colleges and courts are open to us cannot perhaps be made to see the truth by any word of ours, but they ought to know they are below contempt.

A NOTE OF TRIUMPH.

We do not wish to behave like that very impulsive person who counted her chickens before they were hatched, and has ever since stood as a symbol of hasty and indiscreet self gratulation, but if the reports which come to us concerning the intentions of the Brooklyn Ferry Company prove true, we feel that we shall then have just cause for pride at seeing our efforts to secure better accommodations for women on their boats crowned with complete success.

Reports now reach us from the Managing Director, that owing to the appeal which we made some weeks back, and the practical suggestions then thrown out, a measure is soon to be set on foot by which both sides of the boat will be opened to lady passengers, and a fair opportunity offered them for securing seats. We believe so firmly in the best principles of democracy that see fair play all round, and know nothing of favor, that we are very glad this proposition is about to be acted on rather than the other which suggested that an officer should be stationed in the ladies' cabin to maintain the prior right of women to seats in the place assigned them.

One of the strongest considerations which led us to make the appeal, was that the directors though rendered conservative by money and high standing were still gentlemen who could not fail of being influenced by a just demand. Results, we hope, will fully prove the accuracy of our estimate, and then we shall hesitate before we again give credence to the idea that corporate bodies are destitute of souls.

It is a promising sign that though much boasted male chivalry has been insufficient to secure women their rights on the ferry boats under the old regime, a sense of justice is about to carry the day under the new. Men have, heretofore, loved women much, but themselves more. Now the strong minded sisters they have abused so unsparingly are obliged to teach them their manners. Many a weary shop girl and seamstress who crosses the ferry at night and morning will we trust be indebted to THE REVOLUTION for a little interval of rest. Most of the small change of chivalry which passes current in city vehicles is of that kind which will get up and give a seat to a handsome richly dressed lady, but will let a poor shabbily arrayed working women stand, no matter how much her limbs may ache. We pronounce it spurious coin; and would rather have one grain of justice than the whole of it rolled together.

THE REVOLUTION never has been and never will be backward in pointing out grievances, and making practical suggestions how to remedy them. In spite of the suspicion scented by the Brooklyn *Eagle*, that we shall secretly mourn over this victory because it gives us one less cause of complaint against those dreadful tyrants men, and so diminishes our stock, and narrows our business, we merely reply that we can go on instructing our brothers in what their own sense of right and decency ought of itself to have taught them long ago, without any apprehension of finding our occupation gone for years to come. Unlike the razor-strop man it will not be one more wrong left, but many left; and it remains yet to be seen whether men will yield us votes as gracefully as they have given us the seats which belonged to us on the boats. However, we have snatched away one of the bones which the newspapers have been forever picking with us. We have done a piece of work they ought to have done themselves without prompting, and now they cannot have the gratification of saying that we never do anything but shriek, and scold, and beat the empty air. At least they cannot do so unless they choose to tell falsehoods in the face and eyes of facts, and we all know newspapers never do that.

MISS DICKINSON ON "MEN'S RIGHTS."

That Ishmael of the press, the New York *Sun*, gave a strikingly characteristic report of Miss Dickinson's lecture on Men's Rights, delivered not long since in Steinway Hall in this city. It was mixed up with letters and disjointed scraps of evidence from the Macfarland-Richardson trial, and illustrated by a wretched caricature of the lecturer. We know by this howling and gnashing of teeth how true and cutting were the speaker's words.

Miss Dickinson's speech was one of the bravest ever uttered. An effort was made during the evening to hiss her off the platform, but she turned magnificently upon her assailant, and cried, "What did the verdict (in the Macfarland-Richardson case) mean? It meant that that man who hisses the truth from the lips of a woman is one of the men that has murder written over his name in this case. Oh, sir, hiss as loud as you can, you cannot silence the truth. There (pointing upward) stands all this cloud of witnesses"

This thrilling appeal produced a profound sensation, and Miss Dickinson poured out a stream of impassioned eloquence which rendered the occasion a marked one in the history of her long line of triumphs, recalling the days of the war, during the remarkable canvass of Connecticut, when she spoke to picked audiences of voters, and the enthusiasm she excited knew no bounds.

As of old, her lips seems touched with the live coal from off the altar. Never did she show herself more earnest and devoted, more fearlessly and magnificently brave. Her tone of thought was everywhere noble and inspired. She declared in the outset that she had "no mirth, no rhetoric, no satire to give her hearers; that she came as a sorrowful woman, by reason of the sorrow she saw about her," and she asked "What is to become of homes and wives?" To men she said:

> You have no right to love—you have no right to a wife, in the best sense of the term, if you are not, in the truest sense of the world, a husband in return. You have no right to love, loyalty, faithfulness, purity, and truth, however much you may desire them, if you do not give for them the full measures equivalent. Love signifies companionship, friendship, understanding, some similarity of sentiment, of pursuits, of interests. It is not a mere passing fancy or a pleasing hour; it is not an episode. It is something that, commencing here, goes on through time to death, and through death and the grave to the great ages beyond; for love is the essence of God, and must be as immortal as Himself.

Young men she declared amuse themselves until they become blase, and then marry for a resource. Young women marry for the same reasons, and the results are ruined homes and sundered ties. Men in the future as in the past she declared:

> Will exact from woman earnestness, companionship, friendship. Men again, as in times past, will exact from their wives faith, patience, loyalty, sweetness, purity, truth. They will give just what they please in return, not as the right of the wife, but as the generous gift of the husband.

At the close of her lecture she sounded the key note of the future and told men plainly what they are to expect:

> The same road shall be traveled by men's feet as by women's; the same justice shall be meted to man as to women, the same law shall be established for one as for the other. I know what you know, if you wish to confess it. I know that God is no respector of persons; that He loves alike the soul of man and the soul of woman. I stand here to warn you, Sirs, that the woman of the present is not the woman of the past; that she will mete to you as you mete to her. I give you fair warning that the law of the time to come, whatever the law past has been, will be equality, justice, evenness between what you give and what you receive.

—In connection with the bridal death of Mrs. Maggie Beck-Corcoran, in Washington, the Paris True Kentuckian says: "A funeral cortege crossed her bridal coach at Lexington, and the superstitious then predicted her death."

THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION.

The Washington Convention has been a great success, and this success has been mainly owing to Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull. For three weeks she has been here working it up, and it has this year attracted the attention of a class of people who have never before recognized the cause. Mrs. Woodhull is a lady of talent and enterprise, and although the bitter strife of slanderous tongues has assailed her from her prominent position, her conduct has been such as to commend her to such women as Mrs. I. B. Hooker, Mrs. P. W. Davis, Mrs. Griffing, and others, and this ought to be enough to silence forever the envious voice of detraction. Mrs. Woodhull presented to Congress several days before the convention, a memorial, setting forth most ably her reasons for claiming the right of suffrage, it was accepted, and by her exertions, seconded after her arrival here by Mrs. Hooker. The Judiciary Committee of the House accorded to her a hearing on Wednesday morning.

The hearing took place of course in the committee room, which was crowded with a goodly assemblage of men and women, Judge Bingham of Ohio, was chairman, Gen. B. F. Butler, of Mass., was prominent in favor of the cause. Messrs. Eldridge, B. C. Cook, I A. Peters, Ulysses Morcen, Wm. Loughridge, Michael Kerr, S. W. Kellogg, and G. W. Hitchkoss formed the rest of the committee. The claimants for woman suffrage were represented by Mrs. V. C. Woodhull and Mrs. L. D. Blake, New York; Mrs. I. B. Hooker, Rev. O. Brown, Conn.; Mrs. P. W. Davis, Miss K. Stanton, Rhode Island; Mrs. J. Griffing, and Mrs. Lockwood, D. C.; and grandest of all, Miss Susan B. Anthony, at large.

The proceedings were opened by the reading of her memorial by Mrs. Woodhull. It was the first time the lady had ever appeared in public, and her voice trembled slightly with emotion which only made the reading the more effective. She claimed not a XVIth amendment; but that under the XIVth and XVth amendments, women already have the right to vote, and prayed Congress merely to pass a declaratory resolution to that effect.

Mr. Riddle followed, making a legal argument of great ability in support of his claim that woman had already the right to vote. He argued that Congress admitted that any human being of proper age, has the right to vote, where it says in the XIVth amendment: "All inhabitants of States are citizens thereof," and in the XVth, "The right of a citizen to vote shall not be abridged or denied, etc." If this does not mean woman suffrage, universal suffrage in the broadest sense what does it mean?

Mrs. Hooker next addressed some very feeling remarks to the committee, urging that it behooved our legislators to place the ballot in the hands of all the inhabitants as a safeguard, since nothing was so calculated to elevate the standing of an individual as personal responsibility.

Miss Anthony closed with an appeal in her own straightforward manner, to the effect that she hoped this time something would really be done, she was tired of vainly beseiging Congress for the right of suffrage.

The hearing was respectful though occasionally interrupted by joking questions, as when Mr. Eldridge asked if babies ought not to vote by the same rule as women. All this, however, was rather in a friendly spirit than unkindliness. Even the wise face of Judge Bingham relaxed as he listened, and Ben Butler openly declared himself in favor of the measure, which we take it is a very hopeful sign.

The afternoon session at Lincoln Hall was crowded with an audience containing several prominent senators and representatives, and a great throng of well dressed women.

Rev. O. Brown opened with a touching prayer.

Mrs. Hooker presided, and introduced Mrs. Woodhull, who read her memorial.

Mrs. Devereux Blake next spoke. She said that she was rejoiced that there were such numbers of women present. It especially behooved women to exert themselves now when an opposition to this movement had been set up, and that even certain ladies, who with self-sacrificing generosity, were willing to appear in public, and she understood would even condescend to the degradation of voting, if by so doing they could forever debar all other women from voting. She dealt several humorous hits against the old time opinion that women must have no interest beyond the house, and then launched into a description of the sufferings of women in war, that was sufficient to move many of the audience to tears. "A happy marriage is the crown of life this side the grave, and its sacred tie should never be severed except by death." On this account and because woman's life is love she ought to have a stake in questions of peace and war.

Miss Lillie Peckham, of Wisconsin, next addressed the meeting; her arguments were clear, logical, and had the acumen and force of a veritable law student. She held that women were equally interested with men in all the questions before the country; for the opposition to the enfranchisement of women is founded rather on contempt for her powers than consideration for her delicacy.

Miss Anthony followed, closing with some sharp hits of her more racy character against the inequality of the pay of the sexes.

The evening session was held at the Congregational Church as Lincoln Hall was engaged otherwise. Senator Nye, of Nevada, presided, and introduced

Miss Kate Stanton, who read in her very fine voice a bright essay on the disabilities of her sex. She spoke feelingly of how her heart had swelled with pride at the thought that her flag sheltered a land where all were free, until it occurred to her that women are not included in that expression.

Mr. Riddle gave his argument on the legal question.

Mrs. Hooker made an able speech, urging that all women did want to vote on questions of temperance, education and morality.

Miss Anthony closed, begging the Republicans to remember that woman suffrage was their best chance for future power.

WEDNESDAY.

The morning session was largely attended, Mr. Warner in the chair.

Mrs. Adele Hazlett spoke with her usual spice. She alluded to the fact that it had been claimed that bad women would vote if all could. How is it about bad men? They not only vote but are in our churches and all sorts of prominent places. I will not, she said, insult the halls of Congress by saying that any of them are there, winding up with an urgent appeal to all women to unite in favor of woman suffrage. If men will not give in to us, at least let us contest our claim.

Mrs. Paulina Davis said that she was much gratified by the large attendance then present; she felt also gratified by the number of new speakers who had lately gone into the movement; but as this, she thinks, will be the last convention ever held, and she had spoken at the first convention, she felt that she must be present at the last. She then made an argument urging that if the broad interpretation of the fourteenth amendment had been adopted it would have made a very different state of affairs at the South.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

A very large audience packed the house.

Mrs. Ellis, of Ohio, spoke first, making an argument in favor of suffrage on the ground of their views on temperance.

Great enthusiasm was next created by the appearance of a delegate from Wyoming.

Mrs. Post gave an interesting account of the movement in her territory, and read some resolutions passed by the women refusing to endorse either part.

Rev. Olympia Brown next spoke, saying that she urged the suffrage, not for women alone but for men; they could never reach their highest point of development until women stood beside them their equals—delivering a scathing rebuke to those women who say they are indifferent to this great question.

Mr. Fred Douglass next spoke, saying that he had fought through fields red with blood for our proposition, which was, that every man had a right to himself, to his own head, his own body, and if he ran off, to his own legs. This was all that was claimed for women. There was no argument in favor of suffrage for men that could not be used for women.

Book Table.

SAM SHIRK: A Tale of the Woods of Maine. By George H. Devereux. New York; Hurd & Haughton, 1871.

A book possessing a game flavor of woods and fields, wild sports, forest adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, commands a certain perennial interest, at least to young and unhackneyed minds, which is an element distinct from fine writing or sharp and accurate characterization. "Sam Shirk" belongs to this class of fictitious works, and purports to be the history of one of those village nee'r-do-wells who lead perfectly careless and idle lives in the midst of plodding, hard-working New Englanders.

Sam is supposed to be somewhat shrewd and observing, as well as altogether good-natured. His motto is the Yankee rendering of the philosophy *Cui bono? i.e.*, "What's the use?" An expert in fishing, hunting and wood-craft, he has no taste for steady employment, and is very aptly described by his name, until an accident puts him in possession of a small farm, and he is induced by the aid and encouragement of friends to make a manly effort to reform his habits and become a worthy member of society.

The story dates far back to the early settlement of Maine, and the principal interest culminates in bear and deer hunts, the perils of log-driving and forest fires and combats with wild Indians. A thread of romance runs through the book sufficient to illustrate the improbable woes which the stock lovers and "loveresses" of novels endure, but which leads, as might be expected, to perfect bliss and a wedding.

A certain grandiloquence of description and pomposity of style mars the book, which, nevertheless, has elements of interest and variety of incident sufficient to render the perusal, especially to young people, easy and pleasant.

OBITUARY.

JOHN J. MERRITT, Secretary of the Union Suffrage Society, and a well-known and widely honored philanthropist, died suddenly of heart disease, at the beginning of the New Year, at Tacoi, Florida, His remains were brought on here for interment, and the funeral took place at his former residence in Brooklyn. We heartily sympathize with his bereaved family, and the wide circle of friends who mourn his loss.

SUCCESS FROM ADVERTISING.—Very few persons understand the value of Printers' Ink better than H. T. Helmbold, the great advertiser of Fluid Extract of Buchu. There is hardly a paper on our editorial table but what contains a colnmn or less of his advertisements. He is a living example of what a liberal use of money will do if one has the pluck and spirit to follow it up until it is a success. He has one of the finest stores on Broadway, and it is crowded with people who go there either to buy or inspect his mercantile palace. He extends an invitation to all to visit. See advertisement.—*Daily Journal, Boston, Mass.*

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BAD FOR THE UNDERTAKERS.—It is not probable that this country will ever be so healthy that we shall have to kill a man to start a graveyard, yet it is certain that *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* progresses in popularity, the number of deaths by consumption will diminish. It is indubitably the very best remedy for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Influenza and all diseases tending to a consumptive crisis, that the world has ever known. Sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents and $1. Get the large size as it is much the cheapest.

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A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

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A LADY WASHERWOMAN.

Apropos of cleanliness, another incident of my visit to Cincinnati recurs to me. Having occasion to employ a laundress, I was directed to a street and number a little removed from Fourth street. On going to the place indicated I found myself before a quite handsome brick residence, with an appearance of taste and prosperity about it that made me question if I had not mistaken the directions. But no; above the door was the number I was in quest of, and on the well-polished door plate was the name. Still a little puzzled, I rang the bell, which was answered by a pretty mulatto girl, tastefully dressed, and lady-like in appearance. "Is there any one here who takes in washing?" I asked, somewhat diffidently. "There is; will you walk in?" was the reply, in a voice which indicated both culture and refinement. Entering, I found myself in a handsomely furnished parlor, with a cheerful fire glowing in the grate, and an open piano standing opposite. Above the mantelpiece hung a handsomely framed portrait of President Lincoln; on one side of the room was a steel engraving of the reading of the emancipation proclamation, on the other a full-length photograph of Frederick Douglass. Books strewed the table, and house-plants flourished in the window. My observations were cut short by the entrance of a dignified colored woman, who announced herself as Mrs. C——, the person I was in quest of. My business was speedily transacted, and, though I would gladly have lingered and entered into conversation, I felt more completely held in check by this stately, self-respecting woman, more afraid of taking what might seem an unwarranted liberty, than if I had been in the presence of some leader of fashionable society. I learned afterward that Mrs. C——was a widow, who with the proceeds of her own industry had bought the house in which she lived, and that her daughter—the young girl who had let me in—was a music teacher, with as many pupils as she could attend to. I must say that no "Interior" by Eastman Johnson ever gave me so much food for thought as did this one, or seemed to me so significant a sign of the times.

CELIA BURLEIGH.

GAIL HAMILTON.

An exchange says that Gail Hamilton is too saucy to live long, but she is bright and intelligent, and altogether, worthy of a brilliant future. She is not married, which is an excellent thing for her husband. She might not be unjust to that husband; but if she didn't worry him to death, it would be because he was made of wool. "She is rather small," says a Washington correspondent, "has a round, fresh, happy-looking face, blue eyes and brown hair, worn short, and sort o' curled or fizzled. She is animated in conversation, talks as she writes, is witty, fond of jokes, and must be jolly to have around. She doesn't look a bit pedantic or blue-stockin'ified, and, judging from her face, she could pass nicely for twenty-five years."

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BY MRS M. E. CHASE.

Brooklyn is almost as noted for her educational as for her religious institutions, if the two can be recognized as separate, and distinct from each other. That which tends to the development of the intellectual must necessarily be one of the corner-stones of the true religion, which animals, idiots, and all nature minus mental possessions, never attain to, and *vice versa*, establishments of the "Squeers" kind may be cited as proving to the contrary; but one would scarcely put such under the head "educational," which has nothing in common with demoralization.

One of the best—decidedly *the* best of its kind—is Lockwood's Academy, located in Oxford street, near Fulton avenue. This building, which is situated on an eminence of ground, and some way removed from the main road, although not originally intended for the purpose, makes one of the most pleasant school-houses we ever remember having entered. It is a prettily built frame mansion, covering a deal of ground, but intruding itself into the air very modestly, and thus is minus the *shot tower* appearance common to its kind. Every room in the building has several windows, and is consequently never lacking in those two qualities most essential to every establishment, light and air. The cheerfulness which the plentifulness of these two elements imparts is greatly augmented by the profusion of flowers and pictures scattered about. If Mr. Lockwood aimed to make this a genuine "*Temple* of Learning," he has succeeded wonderfully.

Every room—even to the kindergarten—whose tiny inmates could scarcely be expected to appreciate such surroundings, is ornamented with several of Prang's most popular chromos, while superb hanging baskets are suspended from every quarter of the building. Whether or no the pupils understand the great advantage, in point of surroundings, they possess over the majority of scholars, it is certain visitors do, and are gladly grateful that Mr. Lockwood has inaugurated a system which cultivates the æsthetic as well as the practical; for in these latter days the former is by no means to be neglected. In addition to the regular English branches, there are taught here, by the best professors Brooklyn can furnish, French, German, Latin and Greek.

Mr. Lockwood's originality does not end with the ornamenting of his academy. Education is his hobby, and he is endeavoring by numberless ways to make that hobby a trotting horse, which shall need neither spur nor bit. The multiplication table is taught on the mnemonic system. Nothing is allowed to be learned here by rote; every step must be comprehended before another is undertaken. Therefore object-teaching is one of the principal features.

But the kindergarten is, after all, the most enjoyable place to visit. It is pleasant to see the wee ones learn lesson after lesson under the delightful delusion that it is all play. Bright little eyes never become weary here from scarcity of light and sameness of occupation. Little delicate backs are not made to ache from postures formed with mathematical precision, and clear little heads are not "mud dled" for life in the vain endeavor to learn what is to them as intricate as the Greek Testament. No, indeed! labyrinths are converted into straight and pleasant pathways, before they are expected to enter upon them, and then they go without asking.

In the immediate vicinity of the kindergarten is a small room filled with easels and artists' materials, where all whose artistic talent would bid fair to repay cultivation are initiated into the mysteries of light, shade and color. Mr. Lockwood asserts that he has discovered more real ability of this description running riot unsuspected, than one would readily believe. We accept his statement, and wish other institutions would take example by him in discovering and cultivating the natural abilities of their youthful patrons.

—Jerome Meyer of Chicago went crazy about Miss Nilsson, bought the Sherman House in imagination and ordered everybody out doors.

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Any other of Frank Leslie's periodicals, in connection with our own paper, for	5 00
One copy of THE REVOLUTION and *Mme. Demorest's Monthly* for one year	3 50
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—"What is home without a mother?" as the young lady said when she sent the old lady to chop wood.

—Matrimonial.—Top-gallant Studding Sail wishes for a wife who must not exceed twenty, must be fond of home and children, and love a sailor from the bottom of her heart.

—An Irish girl having been sent to the post-office for the mail, came back to inquire whether it was Indian mail or corn-mail that was wanted.

—A gentleman took a lady out to ride the other evening, and came home with a false curl attached to the button on the side of his cap. He wonders how it could have got there.

—A man courting a young woman was interrogated by her father as to his occupation. "I am a paper-hanger upon a large scale," he replied. He married the girl, and turned out to be a bill-sticker.

—A young lady at an examination in grammar, was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular? She replied immediately with much *naivete*, "Because it is very singular they don't get married."

—Jenkins undertook to quote poetry in praise of women, but got his authors a little mixed, as follows:

"O woman, in our hours of ease.
Uncertain, coy and hard to please;
But seen too oft, familiar with ker face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

—Would you like the girl of your heart to see you while you are having your hair shampooed; or at that comical moment when the hatter, wishing to obtain the exact size of your head, is trying on the curious little machine which he keeps for that purpose?

—A Quaker maiden of Indiana, who had reached the age of sixty accepted a matrimonial offer from a man who belonged to the Presbyterian church, and began to prepare for her wedding. As usual, a delegation of friends waited on her, and remonstrated with her for marrying out of meeting. The bride elect heard the visitors patiently, and said: "Look here! I've been waiting just sixty years for the meeting to marry me, and if the meeting don't want me to marry out of it, why don't the meeting bring along its boys?"

—"Eliza, my child," said a prudish old maid to a pretty niece, who would curl her hair in pretty ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, He would have done it Himself." "So He did, aunty, when I was a baby, but He thinks I am big enough now to do it myself."

—Two young misses, discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen, were overheard thus: "Well, I like Charley, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of a beard." "I say Charley has got a beard, but he shaves it off." "No he hasn't either, any more than I have." "I say he has, too, and I know it, for it pricked my cheek." That's how she knew.

—There is a letter at the Bridgeport, Conn. postoffice awaiting an owner, addressed as follows:

"please send to the lady who lives in
—— street with a black fence
with steps gitting up."

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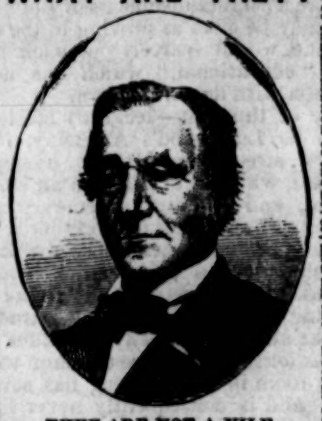

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